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DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

RAISING THE WIND.

BY
JAMES KENNY.



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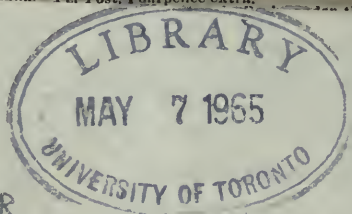
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RAISING THE WIND.

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY JAMES KENNY.



Diddler.—"PARAGON OF PREMATURE DIVINITY."—Act ii, scene 2.

Costumes and Cast of the Characters.

(As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 1803.)

PLAINWAY (Mr. Blanchard).—Dark brown old man's suit—white stockings—gouty shoe.

FAINWOULD (Mr. Simmons).—Dark green coat—white waistcoat—nankeen trousers—boots.

JEREMY DIDDLEE (Mr. Lewis).—An old dark blue coat, torn at the elbows, and buttoned close to the throat—buff waistcoat—orange worsted pantaloons—small nankeen gaiters—shoes—old low-crowned hat.

SAM (Mr. Emery).—Drab countryman's coat—buff breeches—gray worsted stockings—countryman's hat.

RICHARD (Mr. Abbot).—Gray livery coat—buff waistcoat—breeches—brown gaiters.

WAITER (Mr. Atkins).—Blue coat—trousers—white waistcoat.

JOHN (Mr. Harley).—Dark brown livery—blue stockings.

PEGGY (Mrs. Beverly).—White muslin dress—pink sash—black shoes.

MISS DURABLE (Mrs. Davenport).—Dark red muslin dress—light blue sash—cap with pink ribbon and rose.

SCENE.—A Country Town.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means Right; L. Left; D. F. Door in Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; S. E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D. Middle Door.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.
* * * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Public Room in an Inn.—With two tables and three chairs.—Bell rings.

Sam. (Without.) Coming, I'm coming!

Enter WAITER, R., and SAM, L., meeting.

Wai. (R.) Well, Sam, there's a little difference between this and hay-making, eh?

Sam. Yes; but I get on pretty decent, don't I? Only, you see, when two or three people call at once, I'm apt to get flurried,—and then I can't help listening to the droll things the young chaps say to one another at dinner—and then I don't exactly hear what they say to me, you see. Sometimes, too, I fall a laughing w' em, and that they don't like, you understand—

Wai. Well, well, you'll soon get the better of all that.

(A laugh without, R.)

Sam. (L.) What's all that about?

Wai. (looking out.) Oh, it's Mr. Diddler, trying to joke himself into credit at the bar. But it won't do, they know him too well.—By the by, Sam, mind you never trust that fellow.

Sam. What, him with that spy-glass?

Wai. Yes, that impudent short-sighted fellow.

Sam. Why, what for not?

Wai. Why, because he'll never pay you.—The fellow lives by spunging—gets into people's houses by his songs and his bon-mots.

Sam. Bon-mots, what be they?

Wai. Why, saying smart witty things. At some of the squire's tables, he's as constant a guest as the parson or the apothecary.

Sam. Come, that's an odd line to go into, however.

Wai. Then he borrows money of everybody he meets.

Sam. Nay, but will anybody lend it him?

Wai. Why he asks for so little at a time, that people are ashamed to refuse him; and then he generally asks for an odd sun, to give it the appearance of immediate necessity.

Sam. Damma, he must be a droll chap, however.

Wai. (Crosses to L.) Here he comes! mind you take care of him.

[Exit, L.]

Sam. (R.) Never you fear that, mun. I wasn't born two hundred miles north of Lunnun, to be done by Mr. Diddler, I know.

Enter DIDDLER, R.

Did. Tol lol de riddle lol.—Eh! (Looking through a glass at Sam.) The new waiter, a very elod, by my hopes! an untutor'd elod.—My clamorous bowels, be of good cheer.—Young man, how d'ye do? Step this way, will you?—I notice, I perceive.—And how d'ye like your new line of life?

Sam. Why, very well, thank ye. How do you like your old one?

Did. (Aside.) Disastrous accents! a York-

shireman! (To him.) What is your name, my fine fellow.

Sam. (L.) Sam.—You needn't tell me your's, I know you, my—fine fellow.

Did. (Aside, R.) Oh Fame! Fame! you incorrigible gossip!—but nil desperandum—at him again. (To him.) A prepossessing physiognomy, open and ruddy, importing health and liberality. Excuse my glass, I'm short-sighted. You have the advantage of me in that respect.

Sam. Yes, I can see as far as most folks.

Did. (Turning away.) Well, I'll thank ye to—O Sam, you haven't got such a thing as tempeance about you, have you?

Sam. Yes. (They look at each other—Diddler expecting to receive it.) And I mean to keep it about me, you see.

Did. Oh—ay—certainly. I only ask'd for information.

(Crosses to L.)

Sam. (R.) Hark! there's the stage coach com'd in. I must go and wait upon the passengers—You'd better ax some of them—mayhap, they mun gie you a little better information.

Did. (L.) Stop! Hark-ye, Sam! you can get me some breakfast, first. I'm devilish sharp set, Sam; you see I come a long walk from over the hills, and—

Sam. Ay, and you see I come fra—Yorkshire.

Did. You do; your unsophisticated tongue declares it. Superior to vulgar prejudices, I honour you for it, for I'm sure you'll bring me my breakfast as soon as any other countryman.

Sam. Ay; well; what will you have?

Did. Anything!—tea, coffee, an egg, and so forth.

Sam. Well, now, one of us, you understand, in this transaction, mun have credit for a little while. That is, either I mun trust you for t' money, or you mun trust me for t' breakfast.—Now, as you're above vulgar preju-judices, and seem to be vastly taken w' me, and, as I am not so conceited as to be above 'em, and a'n't at all taken w' you, you'd better give me the money, you see, and trust me for t' breakfast—he! he! he!

Did. What d'ye mean by that, Sam!

Sam. Or, mayhap, you'll say me a bon-mot.

Did. Sir, you're getting impertinent.

Sam. Oh, what—you don't like they terms.—Why, then, as you sometimes sing for your dinner, now you may whistle for your breakfast, you see; he! he! he!

[Exit, R.]

Did. This is to carry on trade without a capital. Once I paid my way, and in a pretty high road I travelled; but thou art now, Jerry Diddler, little better than a vagabond. Fie on thee! Awake thee, rouse thy spirit! honourably earn thy breakfasts and thy dinners, too.—But how? my present trade is the only one that requires no apprenticeship. How unlucky, that the rich and pretty Miss Plainway, whose heart I won at Bath, should take so sudden a departure, that I should lose her address, and call myself a foolish romantic name, that will prevent her letters from reaching me. A rich wife would pay my debts, and heal my wounded pride. But the degenerate state of my ward-

role is confoundedly against me. There's a warm old rogue, they say, with a pretty daughter lately come to his house at the foot of the hill.—I've a great mind—it's d—d impudent, but, if I hadn't surmounted my delicacy, I must have starved long ago.

Enter WAITER, L., crosses, in haste, to R.

George, what's the name of the new family at the foot of the hill.

Wai. I don't know; I can't attend to you now.

[Exit, R.

Did. There again. Oh! I mus'n't bear this any longer—I must make a plunge.—No matter for the name. Gad! perhaps it may be more imposing not to know it. I'll go and scribble her a passionate billet immiedia ely.—that is, if they'll trust me with pen and ink.

[Exit, L.

Enter FAINWOULD and RICHARD, R., SAM shows them in, crosses to L., and exit.

Fai. Bring breakfast directly.—Well, Richard, I think I shall awe them into a little respect here, though they're apt to grin at me in London.

Ric. That you will, I dare say, sir.

Fai. Respect, Richard, is all I want. My father's money has made me a gentleman, and you never see any familiar jesting with your true gentleman, I'm sure.

Ric. Very true, sir. And so, sir, you've come here to marry Miss Plainway, without ever having seen her.

Fai. Yes; but my father and hers are very old friends. They were school-tellows. They've lived at a distance from one another ever since, for Plainway always hated London. But my father has often visited him, and, about a month ago, at Bristol, they made up this match. I didn't object to it, for my father says she is a very pretty girl; and, besides, the girls in London don't treat me with proper respect, by any means.

Ric. At Bristol?—then they're new inhabitants here. Well, sir, you must muster all your gaulantry.

Fai. I will, Dick; but I'm not successful that way—I always do some stupid thing or other when I want to be attentive. The other night, in a large assembly, I picked up the tail of a lady's gown, and gave it to her for her pocket-handkerchief—Lord, how the people did laugh!

Ric. It was an awkward mistake, to be sure, sir.

Fai. Well, now for a little refreshment, and then for Miss Plainway. Go, and look after the luggage, Richard.

[Sits down—Exit Richard, L.

Enter DIDDLER with a letter in his hand, L.

Did. Here it is, brief, but impressive. If she has but the romantic imagination of my Peggy, the direction alone must win her. (Reads.) "To the Beautiful Maid at the foot of the hill." The

words are so delicate, the arrangement so poetical, and the tout-ensemble reads with such a languishing cadence, that a blue-stocking garden-wench must feel it! "To the Beautiful Maid at the foot of the hill." She can't resist it!

Fai. I am very hungry, I wish they would bring my breakfast. (Sitting on R. of table.)

Did. Breakfast! delightful sound!—Oh! bless your unsuspecting face, we'll breakfast to rether. (Diddler goes to the table, takes up a newspaper, and sits in L. chair.) Sir, your most obedient. From London, sir, I presume?

Fai. At your service, sir.

Did. Pleasant travelling, sir.

Fai. Middling, sir.

Did. Any news in town, when you came away?

Fai. Not a word, sir. (Aside.) Come, this is polite and respectful.

Did. Pray, sir, what's your opinion of affairs in general?

Fai. Sir?—why, really, sir—(Aside.) Nobody would ask my opinion in town, now.

Did. No politician, perhaps? You talked of breakfast, sir;—I was just thinking of the same thing—shall be proud of your company.

(Rises.)

Fai. (Rises.) You're very obliging, sir, but really I'm in such haste.

Did. Don't mention it. Company is everything to me. I'm that sort of man, that I really couldn't dispense with you.

Fai. Sir, since you insist upon it—waiter!

Sam. (Without, L.) Coming, sir.

Fai. Bless me, they're very inattentive, here—they never bring you what you call for.

(Sits again in R. chair.)

Did. No—they very often serve me so.

(Sits in chair, L.)

Enter SAM, L.

Fai. Let that breakfast be for two.

Did. Yes, this gentleman and I are going to breakfast together.

Sam. (To Fainwould.) You order it, do you, sir?

Fai. Yes, to be sure; didn't you hear me?

Sam. (Chuckling.) Yes, I heard you.

Fai. Then bring it immediately.

Sam. Yes. (Still chuckling.)

Fai. What d'ye mean by laughing, you scoundrel?

Did. Ay, what d'ye mean by laughing, you scoundrel? (Drives Sam out, and follows L.)

Fai. Now, that's respectful, especially to that gentleman, who seems to be so well known here; but these country waiters are always impertinent.

Enter DIDDLER, his letter in his hand, L.

Did. A letter for me? desire the man to wait. That bumpkin is the most impertinent—I declare it's enough to—(Advancing towards Fainwould.)—You hav'n't got such a thing as half-a-crown about you, have you, sir? there's a messenger waiting, and I hav'n't got any change about me.

Fai. Certainly—at your service.

(Takes out his purse, and gives him money.)

Did. I'll return it to you, sir, as soon as possible. Alloo! here!

Enter WAITER, L.

Here's the man's money. (Putting it into his own pocket.) Bring the breakfast immediately.

Wai. Here it is, sir.

[Exit, L.]

Enter SAM, with breakfast, L.

Did. There we are, sir. Now, no ceremony, I beg, for I'm rather in a hurry myself. (Exit Sam, chuckling, L.—Diddler pours out coffee for himself.) Help yourself, and then you'll have it to your liking. When you've done with that loaf, sir, I'll thank you for it. (Takes it out of his hand.) Thank ye, sir. Breakfast, sir, is a very wholesome meal. (Eating fast.)

Fai. It is, sir; I always eat a good one.

Did. So do I, sir, (Aside.) when I can get it.

Fai. I am an early riser, too; and, in town, the servants are so lazy that I am often obliged to wait a long while before I can get any.

Did. That's exactly my case in the country.

Fai. And its very tantalizing, when one's hungry, to be served so.

Did. Very, sir,—I'll trouble you once more.

(Snatches the bread out of his hand again.)

Fai. (Aside) This can't be meant for disrespect, but it's very like it.

Did. Are you looking for this, sir; you can call for more if you want it. (Returns a very small bit.) Here, waiter! (Waiter answers without.) Some bread for this gentleman. You eat nothing at all, sir.

Fai. Why, bless my soul, I can get nothing.

SAM enters with rolls, L.

Did. Very well, Sam—thank ye, Sam—but don't giggle, Sam; curse you, don't laugh.

(Following him out, L.)

Sam. Ecod! you're in luck, Mr. Diddler.

[Exit, L.]

Did. (Again taking his letter out of his pocket.) What, another letter by the coach. Might I trouble you again? You hav'n't got such a thing as tenpence about you, have you? I live close by, sir; I'll send it to you all in the moment I go home. Be glad to see you any time you'll look in, sir.

Fai. You do me honour, sir—I hav'n't any halfpence; but there's my servant, you can desire him to give it you.

Did. You're very obbliging. (Puts the rolls Sam brought, unobserved, into his hat.) I'm extremely sorry to give you so much trouble. I will take that liberty. (Aside.) Come, I've raised the wind for to-day, however, ha! ha! ha! ha! [Exit, R.]

Fai. That must be a man of some breeding—by his ease and his impudence.

Enter SAM, L., is crossing to R.

Who is that gentleman, waiter?

Sam. Gentleman?

Fai. Yes; by his using an inn, I suppose he lives upon his means—don't he?

Sam. (L.) Yes; but they're the oddest sort of means you ever heard of in your life. What, don't you know him?

Fai. (R.) No.

Sam. Well, I thought so.

Fai. He invited me to breakfast with him.

Sam. Ay; well, that was handsome enough.

Fai. I thought so myself.

Sam. But it isn't quite so handsome to leave you to pay for it.

Fai. Leave me to pay for it?

Sam. (Looking out.) Yes, I see he's off there.

Fai. Poh! he's only gone to pay for a letter.

Sam. A letter! bless you, there's no letter comes here for him.

Fai. Why, he's had two this morning; I lent him the money to pay for 'em.

Sam. No; did you, though?

Fai. Yes; he hadn't any change about him.

Sam. (Laughing.) Dam! if that ain't the softest trick I ever knowed.—You come fra' Lunnun, don't you, sir?

Fai. Why, you giggling blockhead, what d'ye mean?

Sam. Why, he's had no letters, I tell you, but one he had just been writing here himself.

Fai. An impudent rascal.

Sam. Well, sir, we'll put t' breakfast all to your bill, you understand, as you ordered it.

Fai. Psha! don't tease me about the breakfast.

Sam. Upon my soul, the flattest trick I ever heard of. [Exit, laughing, L.]

Fai. Well, this is the most disrespectful treatment.

Enter RICHARD, meeting h'm, R.

Ric. I lent that gentleman the tenpence, sir.

Fai. Confound the gentleman and you too.

[Exit, driving off Richard, R.]

SCENE II.—The Outside of Plainway's House,
R. U. E.

Enter PLAINWAY, PEGGY, and MISS DUR-
ABLE, R.

Miss D. (c.) Dear cousin, how soon you hurry us home.

Pla. (L.) Cousin, you grow worse and worse. You'd be gaping after the men from morning till night.

Miss D. Mr. Plainway, I tell you again, I'll not bear your sneers; though I won't blush to own, as I've often told you, that I think the society of accomplished men as innocent as it is pleasing.

Pla. Innocent enough with you it must be. But there's no occasion to stare accomplished men full in the face as they pass you, or to sit whole hours at a window to gape at them, unless it is to talk to them in your furious language of the eyes; and that I'm afraid few of 'em understand, or

else you speak very badly; for, whenever you ask 'em a question in it, they never seem to make you any answer.

Miss D. Cousin Plainway, you're a sad brute, and I'll never pay you another visit while I live.

Pla. I'm afraid, cousin, you have helped my daughter to some of her wild notions. Come, knock at the door. (*Miss Durable knocks at door of house, R. U. E.—John opens it.*) Well, Peg, are you prepared to meet your lover?

Peg. (*In a pensive tone and attitude.*) Alas! cruel fate ordains I shall never see him more.

(*The door opens—Miss Durable goes into the house, R. U. E.*)

Pla. (*L.*) There—she's at her romance again. Never meet him more; why, you're going to meet him to-day for the first time.

Peg. (*R.*) You speak of the vulgar, the sordid Fainwold; I, of the all-accomplished Mortimer.

Pla. There! that Mortimer again.—Let me hear that name no more, hussy; I am your father, and will be obeyed.

Peg. No, sir; as Miss Somerville says, fathers of ignorant and grovelling minds have no right to our obedience.

Pla. Miss Somerville! and who the devil is Miss Somerville?

Peg. What, sir! have you never read the Victim of Sentiment?

Pla. D—n the victim of sentiment!—Get in, you baggage—Victim of Sentiment, indeed!

(*They go into the house, R. U. E.*)

Enter DIDDLER, L.

Did. There she dwells. Graut, my kind stars! that she may have no lover, that she may be dying for want of one; that she may tumble about in her rosy slumbers with dreaming of some unknown swain, lovely and insuating as Jeremy Diddler. Now, how shall I get my letter delivered?

Miss D. (*Appearing at the window, R. U. E.*) Well, I declare, the balmy zephyr breathes such delightful and refreshing breezes, that, in spite of my cousin's sneers, I can't help indulging in them.

Did. (*Looking up.*) There she is, by my hopes! Ye sylphs and cu idis! strengthen my sight, that I may luxuriate on her beauties. No—not a feature can I distinguish—but she's gazing on mine, and that's enough.

Miss D. What a sweet-looking young gentleman—and his eyes are directed towards me. Oh, my palpitating heart! what can he mean?

Did. You're a made man, Jerry. I'll pay off my old scores, and never borrow another sixpence while I live.

Miss D. (*Sings.*) "Oh! listen, listen to the voice of love."—

Did. Voice indifferent:—but d—n music when I've done singing for my dinners.

Enter SAM, L. S. E., with a parcel.

Eh, Sam here—he shall deliver my letter.—My dear Sam, I'm so glad to see you.—I forgive your laughing at me.—Will you do me a favour?

Sam. If it wou'd take me long, for you see I've

gotten a parcel to deliver in a great hurry. By the by, how nicely you did that chap.

Did. Hush, you rogue—Look up there—do you see that lady?

Sam. Yes, I see her—

Did. Isn't she an angel?

Sam. Why, if she be, she's been a good while dead, I reckon; long enough, to appearance, to be t' mother of angels.

Did. Sam, you're a wag, but I don't understand your jokes. Now, if you can contrive to deliver this letter into her own hands, you shall be handsomely rewarded.

Sam. Handsomely rewarded!—Ay, well let's see. (*Takes the letter.*) "To the beauti—"

Did. Beautiful—

Sam. "Beautiful maid at the foot of the hill." (*Looks up at the window.*) Damma, now you're at some of your tricks. (*Aside.*) The old toad's got some money, I reckon. Well, I can bustry, you know—and as to the reward, why it's neither here nor there.

(*Knocks at the door.—John opens it.*)

Did. Thank ye, my dear fellow. Get an answer if you can, and I'll wait here for you.

(*The door opens—Sam nods and enters.*)

Miss D. A letter to deliver.—Oh dear! I'm all of a flutter. I must learn what it means.

(*Retires from the window.*)

Did. Transport! she has disappeared to receive it. She's mine. Now I shall visit the country 'squires upon other terms.—I'll only sing when it comes to my turn, and never tell a story or cut a joke but at my own table. Yet I'm sorry for my pretty Peggy. I d d love that little rogue, and I'm sure she never thinks of her Mortimer without sighing.—(*Sam opens the door, holds it open, and beckons.*) Eh, Sam! well, what answer?

Sam. (*R.*) Why, first of all, she fell into a vast trepidation.

Did. (*L.*) Then you saw herself?

Sam. Yes, I asked to see she that were sitting at the window over the door.

Did. Well—

Sam. Well, you see, as I tell you, when she opened the letter, she fell into a vast trepidation, and fluttered and blushed, and blushed and fluttered—in short, I never seed any person play such comical games i' my days.

Did. It was emotion, Sam.

Sam. Yes, I knew it was emotion, but it was a devilish queer one. Then at last, says she, stammering, as might be our potboy of a frothy morning, says she, tell your master,—she thought you was my master, he! he! he!

Did. My dear Sam, go on.

Sam. Well;—tell your master, says she, that his request is rather bold, but I've too much—too much confidence in my own—diss—dissension—

Did. Discretion!

Sam. Ay, I fancy you're right—in my own discretion, to be afraid of granting it. Then she turned away blushing again—

Did. Like the rose—

Sam. Like the rose, he! he! he! like a red cabbage!

Did. I'm a happy fellow.

Sam (*Smiling.*) Why, how much did you ask her for?

Did. Only for an interview.

Sam. Oh! then you'd better go in, I an't shut the door.

Did. I fixed it for to-morrow morning; but there's nothing like striking while the iron's hot.—I will go in, find her out, and lay myself at her feet immediately. I'll reward you, Sam, depend upon it. I shall be a monied man soon, and then I'll reward you. (*Sam sneers.*) I will, Sam, I give you my word. (*Goes into the house, R. U. E.*)

Sam. Come, that's kind, too, to give me what nobody else will take. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in Plainway's House.—Two Chairs.

Enter DIDDLER *cautiously*, R. D.

Did. Not here.—If I could but find a closet now, I'd hide myself till she came nigh.—Luckily, here is one.—

Who have we here?

(*Retires into a closet, and listens from the door in F.*)

Enter FAINWOULD and JOHN, L.

John. (*R.*) Walk in, sir; I'll send my master to you directly. [*Exit, R. D.*]

Fai. (*L.*) Now let me see if I can't meet with a little more respect here.

Did. (*Approaching and examining him.*) My cockney friend, by the lord! Come in pursuit of me, perhaps.

Fai. (*L.*) Old Plainway will treat me becomingly, no doubt; and, as he positively determined with my father that I should have his daughter, I presume she's prepared to treat me with proper respect, too.

Did. (*R.*) What! Plainway and his daughter! Here's a discovery. Then, my Peggy, after all, is the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill, and the sly rogue wouldn't discover herself at the window on purpose to convict me of infidelity. How unlucky! and a rival arrived, too, just at the unfortunate crisis. [*John returns, R. D.*]

John. He'll be with you, immediately, Mr. Fainwould. [*Cr. sees and exit, L.*]

Did. Mr. Fainwould, eh!—Now, what's to be done? If I could but get rid of him, I wouldn't despair of excusing myself to Peggy.

Fai. I wonder what my father says in his letter of introduction. (*Takes a letter out of his pocket.*)

Did. A letter of introduction!—Oh! oh! the first visit, then. Gad, I have it!—It's the only way—so imprudence befriended me! But, first, I'll lock the old gentleman out. (*Goes cautiously, and locks the door, R., whence the servant came out—then advances briskly to Fainwould.*) Sir, your most obedient.

Fai. (*L.*) He here!

Did. (*R.*) So you've found me out, sir. But I've sent you the money,—three-and-fourpence, wasn't it?—Two and six and ten—

Fai. Sir, I didn't mean—

Did. No, sir, I dare say not,—merely for a visit.

Well, I'm very glad to see you. Won't you take a seat?

Fai. And you live here, do you, sir?

Did. At present, sir, I do.

Fai. And is your name Plainway?

Did. No, sir, I'm Mr. Plainway's nephew. I'd introduce you to my uncle, but he's very busy at present with Sir Robert Rental, settling preliminaries for his marriage with my cousin.

Fai. Sir Robert Rental's marriage with Miss Plainway!

Did. Oh, you've heard a different report on that subject, perhaps. Now, thereby hangs a very diverting tale. If you're not in a hurry, sit down, and I'll make you laugh about it.

(*Diddler goes up and gets a chair, which he brings forward, &c., and in placing it, he strikes it on Fainwould's foot.*)

Fai. (*Aside*) This is all very odd, upon my soul.

(*They sit down, he having brought down chair, L.*)

Did. You see, my uncle did agree with an old fellow of the name of Fainwould, a Londoner, to marry my cousin to his son, and expects him down every day for the purpose; but, a little while ago, Sir Robert Rental, a baronet, with a tumping estate, fell in love with her, and she fell in love with him. So my uncle altered his mind, as it was very natural he should, you know, and agreed to this new match.—And, as he never saw the young cockney, and has since heard that he's quite a vulgar, conceited, foolish fellow, he hasn't thought it worth his while to send him any notice of the affair. So, if he should come down, you know, we shall have a d-d good laugh at his disappointments. (*Fainwould drops his letter, which Diddler picks up unsec'd.*) Ha! ha! ha! Capital go, isn't it!

Fai. Ha! ha! ha! a very capital go indeed. (*Aside.*) Here's disrespect. (*To him.*) But if the cockney shouldn't be disposed to think of the affair quite so merrily as you?

Did. O the puppy! if he's refractory, I'll pull his nose.

Fai. (*Aside.*) Here's an impudent scoundrel! (*Rises.*) Well, I shall cheat 'em of their laugh by this meeting, however.

Did. (*Aside.*) A shy cock, I see.

Fai. O, you'll pull his nose, will you?

Did. If he's troublesome, I shall certainly have that pleasure. Nothing I enjoy more than pulling noses.

Fai. (*Rising.*) Sir, I wish you a good morning. Perhaps, sir, you may—(*A knocking at the door—Diddler locked R.*)

Did. (*Aside.*) Just in time, by Jupiter! (*Aloud.*) Be quiet there. D—n that mastiff! Sir, I'm sorry you're going so soon. (*Knocking again, R. D.*) Be quiet, I say. Well, I wish you a good morning, sir! Then, you won't stay and take a bit of dinner?

Fai. Perhaps, sir, I say, you may hear from me again.

Did. Sir, I shall be extremely happy, I'm sure. (*Exit Fainwould, L.*) Bravo, Jeremy! admirably hit off. (*Knocking repeated.*) Now for the old gentleman. (*Opens the door.*)

Enter PLAINWAY, R. D.

Pla. My dear Mr. Fainwould, I'm extremely happy to see you. I beg pardon for keeping you so long.—Why, who the dence could lock that door?

Did. He! he! he! It was I, sir.

Pla. (R.) You, why what—

Did. (L.) A bit of humour, to show you I determined to make free, and consider myself at home.

Pla. (Aside.) A bit of humour! why, you must be an inveterate humorist indeed, to begin so soon. (To him.) Well, come, that's merry and hearty.

Did. Yes, you'll find I've all that about me.

Did. Well, and how's my old friend, and all the rest of the family?

Did. Wonderfully well, my old Buck.—But here, here you have it all in black and white. (Gives the letter).

Pla. So, an introduction.

Did. (Aside.) It's rather unlucky I don't know a little more of my family.

Pla. (Reads.) "This will at length introduce to you your son-in-law. I hope he will prove agreeable, both to you and your daughter. His late military habits I think have much improved his appearance, and perhaps you will already discern something of the fiercer about him." Something of the officer (Looking at him.); dam'ne, it must be a sheriff's officer, then. "Treat him delicately, and, above all, avoid raillery with him." So, then, I suppose, though he can give a joke, he can't take one.—"It is apt to make him unhappy, as he always thinks it levelled at that stiffness in his manners, arising from his extreme timidity and bashfulness! Assure Peggy of the cordial affection of her intimated father, and your faithful friend,

"FRAS. FAINWOULD."

A very pretty introduction, truly.

Did. But where is my charming Peggy? I say—couldn't I have a little private conversation to begin with?

Pla. Why, I must introduce you, you know—I desired her to follow me—Oh! here she comes.

Did. (Aside.) Now, if she should fall in a passion and discover me.

Enter PEGGY, R. D.

Pla. My dear, this is Mr. Fainwould.

Did. Madam, your most devoted.

(She screams—he supports her.)

Peg. (In a low tone.) Mortimer!

Did. (Aside to her.) Hush!—Don't be astonished—you see what I'm at—keep it up.

Pla. What ails the girl? Oh, I see, she's at her romance again.—Mr. Fainwould, try if you can't bring her about, while I go and fetch my cousin Laury to you.

Did. No fear, sir; she is coming about. My dear Peggy! after an age of fruitless search, do I again hold you in these arms?

Peg. Cruel man! how can you torment me with so long an absence and so long a silence? I've written to you a thousand times.

Did. A thousand unlucky accidents have prevented my receiving your letters, and your ad-

dress I most fatally lost not an hour after you gave it to me.

Peg. And how did you find it out at last?

Did. By an accidental rencontre with my rival. I've hummed him famously, frightened him away from the house, contrived to get his letter of recommendation, and presented myself in his stead.

Peg. It is enough to know that you are again mine; and now we'll never part.

Did. Never, if I can help it, I assure you.

Peg. Lord, Mortimer, what a change there is in your dress.

Did. Eh? yes—I've dressed so on purpose—rather in the extreme, perhaps—but I thought it would look my vulgar rival better.

Peg. Well thought of;—so it will. Here's my father coming back. I'd better seem a little distant, you know.

Did. You're right.

Enter PLAINWAY, L., Diddler not seeming to notice him.

Do, my dear lady, be merciful. But perhaps it is in mercy that you thus avert from me the killing lustre of those piercing eyes.

Pla. (Aside.) Well done, timidity. (To him.) Bravo! Mr. Fainwould, you'll not be long an unsuccessful wooer, I see. Well, my cousin's coming to see you the moment she's a little composed. (Crosses, c.) Why, Peg, I fancy the old fool has been gaping out at window to some purpose at last. I verily believe somebody, either in jest or in earnest, has really been writing her a billet-doux, for I caught her quite in a fluster reading a letter, and the moment she saw me, she grappled it up, and her cheeks turned as red as her nose.

Did. (Much disconcerted, aside.) Oh lord! here's the riddle unfolded. Curse my blind eyes! what a scrape they've brought me into! A fusty old maid, I suppose. What the devil shall do? I must humour the blunder, or she'll discover me.

Pla. Here she comes.

Did. (Aside.) Oh lord! Oh lord!

Enter MISS DURABLE, L.

Pla. Mr. Fainwould, Miss Durable—Miss Durable, Mr. Fainwould.

(Miss Durable screams, and seems much agitated.)

Did. (Advancing to her.) My dear lady, what's the matter? (Aside to her.) Don't be astonished. You see what I'm at—keep it up. (Continues whispering to her.)

Pla. Why, what the devil! This fellow frightens my whole family. It must be his officer-like appearance, I suppose.

Peg. (Aside.) Well, I declare Laurelia means to fall in love with him, and supplant me.

Miss D. (Aside to Diddler.) Oh! you're a bold adventurous man.

Did. (To her.) Yes, I'm a very bold adventurous man, but love, madam—

Miss D. Hush.

Pla. Why, Fainwould, you seem to make some impression upon the ladies.

Did. Not a very favourable one, it would seem, sir.

Miss D. I beg Mr. Fainwould's pardon, I'm

sure. It was merely a slight indisposition that seized me.

Pla. Oh! a slight indisposition, was it?

Peg. (*Aside.*) Yes, I see she's throwing out her lures.

Did. Will you allow me, madam, to lead you to the air? Miss Durable, here's the other arm at your service.

Miss D. (*Taking it.*) Dear sir, you're extremely obliging.

Did. Don't say so, madam; the obligation is mine. (*Nodding.*) Plainway, you see what a way I'm in.

[*Exeunt Diddler, Peggy, and Miss Durable.*]

Pla. Bashfulness!—Dam'me! if ever I saw such an impudent dog.

[*Exit, L.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Inn.*

Enter FAINWOULD and RICHARD, L.

Fai. In short, I never met with such disrespectful treatment since I was born:—and so the rascal's name is Diddler, is it?

Ric. So I heard the waiters call him.

Fai. As to the disappointment, Richard, it's a very fortunate one for me; for it must be a scrubby family, indeed, when one of its branches is forced to have recourse to such low practices. But, to be treated with such contempt! why, am I to be laughed at everywhere?

Ric. If I was you, sir, I'd put that question where it's fit it should be answered.

Fai. And so I will, Richard.—If I don't go back and kick up such a bobbery—I warrant I'll—Why, he called me a vulgar, conceited, foolish cockney.

Ric. No, sure?

Fai. Yes, but he did—and what a fool my father must have been, not to see through such a set—a low-bred rascal with his three and fourpence. But if I don't—I'll take your advice, Richard: I'll hire a postchaise directly, drive to the house, expose that Mr. Diddler, blow up all the rest of the family, Sir Robert Rental included, and then set off for London, and turn my back upon 'em for ever.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

Enter SAM, with a letter, followed by MESSINGER.

Sam. Why, but what for do you bring it here?

Mess. Why because it says, to be delivered with all possible speed. I know he comes here sometimes, and most likely won't be at home till night.

Sam. Well, if I see him, I'll gi't to him. Most likely he'll be here by and by.

Mess. Then I'll leave it.

[*Exit, R.*]

Sam. Mr. Jeremiah Diddler.—Dang it, what a fine seal; and I'll be shot if it don't feel like a

bank-note. To be delivered wi' all possible speed, too—I shouldn't wonder, now, it brought him some good luck. Ha, ha, ha! wi' all my heart.—He's a d—d droll dog, and I like him vastly.

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Plainway's House.—Four chairs.—Wine, with glass and dessert, on a table.—PLAINWAY, C., DIDDLER, L., PEGGY, L., and MISS DURABLE, R., discovered at table.*

Pla. Bravo, bravo! ha, ha, ha! (*They laugh.*)

Miss D. Upon my word, Mr. Fainwould, you sing delightfully; you surely have had some practice?

Did. A little, madam.

Miss D. Well, I think it must be a very desirable accomplishment, if it were only for your own entertainment.

Did. It is in that respect, madam, that I have hitherto found it most particularly desirable.

Miss D. But surely the pleasure of pleasing your hearers—

Did. I now find to be the highest gratification it can bestow, except that of giving me a claim to a return in kind from you. (*Aside to Peggy.*) I lay t on thick, don't I?

Miss D. You really must excuse me; I can't perform to my satisfaction without the assistance of an instrument.

Pla. Well, well, cousin, then we'll hear you by and by; there's no hurry, I'm sure. Come, Mr. Fainwould, your glass is empty.

Miss D. Peggy, my love.

[*They rise to retire.—Exit Miss Durable, R.*]

Pla. Peg, here, come back; I want to speak with you.

Peg. (*Returns.*) Well, papa.

Pla. Mr. Fainwould (*They rise*), you know I told you of a billet-doux that old Laury had received.

Peg. Yes, sir.

Pla. Coming through the passage to dinner, I picked it up.

Peg. } No!

& }

Did. }

Pla. Yes; I have it in my pocket—one of the richest compositions you ever beheld. I'll read it to you.

Did. (*Aside.*) How unlucky! Now, if she sees it, she'll know the hand.

Pla. (*Reads.*) "To the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill." Ha, ha, ha!

Did. }

& }

Peg. }

Ha, ha, ha!

(*Diddler crosses, and endeavours to keep Peggy from overlooking Plainway while he reads.*)

Pla. "Most celestial of terrestrial beings! I have received a wound from your eyes, which baffles all surgical skill. The smile of her who gave it is the only balsam that can save it. Let me therefore sup-

placate admittance to your presence to-morrow, to know at once if I may live or die.

"That, if I'm to live, I may live your fond lover:
And, if I'm to die, I may get it soon over.

"ADONIS."

(They all laugh.—Diddler appears much disconcerted.)

Pla. Why, this Adonis must be about as great a fool as his mistress, eh, sir? ha, ha, ha!

Did. Yes, sir; he, he, he! (Aside.) They've found me out, and this is a quiz.

(Crosses to L.)

Peg. Or more likely, some poor knave, papa, that wants her money—ha, ha, ha!

Pla. Ha, ha, ha! Or, perhaps, a compound of both; eh, sir?

Did. Very likely, sir; he, he, he! (Aside.) They're at me.

Pla. But we must laugh her out of the connexion, and disappoint the rogue, however; though, I dare say, he little thought to create so much merriment. So short-sighted is roguery.

Did. (Aside.) Short-sighted! it's all up, to a certainty.

Pla. So, she's returning, impatient of being left alone, I suppose. Now we'll smoke her—

Did. (Aside.) I'll join the laugh, at all events.

Enter MISS DURABLE, R.

Miss D. Bless me, why, I'm quite forsaken among you all—

Pla. Forsaken, my dear cousin! it's only for age and ugliness to talk of being forsaken; not for a beautiful maid like you—the most celestial of terrestrial beings! (All laugh.)

Miss D. (Aside.) I'm astonished—he laughing, too!

Did. (Aside.) (Crossing to her.) Excuse my laughter; it's only in jest.

Miss D. In jest, sir!

Did. Yes. (Whispers and winks.)

Pla. Well, but, my dear cousin, I hope you'll be merciful to the tender youth.—Such a frown as that, now, would kill him at once.

Miss D. Cousin Plainway, this insult is intolerable.—I'll not stay in your house another hour.

Pla. Nay, but, my dear Laury, I didn't expect that truth would give offence. We'll leave Mr. Fainwould to make our peace with you.

Did. (Aside.) Leave me alone with her! Oh! the devil!

Peg. Ay, do, Mr. Fainwould, endeavour to pacify her—pray, induce her to continue a little longer "the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill."

(Exeunt Plainway and Peggy, through D. F.—Miss Durable and Diddler looking sheepishly at each other.)

Did. (Aside.) I'm included in the quiz, as I'm a gentleman. (To her.) My dear madam, how could you—

Miss D. How could I what, sir?

Did. Wear a pocket with a hole in it?

Miss D. I wear no pockets, which caused the

fatal accident.—But, sir, I trust it is an accident, that will cause no change in your affection.

Did. (Aside.) Damn it! now she's going to be amorous. (To her.) None in the world, madam.—I assure you, I love you as much as ever I did—

Miss D. I fear my conduct is very imprudent.—If you should be discovered—

Did. It's not at all unlikely, madam, that I am already. (Aside.) Now she'll be boring me for explanations.—I must get her among them again. (To her.) Or, if I am not, if we don't take great care, I soon shall be; therefore, for better security, I think we'd better immediately join—

Miss D. Oh dear, sir! so soon?—I declare you quite agitate me with the idea.

Did. Ma'am!

Miss D. It is so awful a ceremony, that really a little time—

Did. My dear ma'am, I didn't mean anything about a ceremony.

Miss D. Sir!

Did. You misunderstand me; I—

Miss D. You astonish me, sir! no ceremony, indeed! And would you then take advantage of my too susceptible heart to ruin me? would you rob me of my innocence? would you despoil me of my honour?—Cruel, barbarous, inhuman man!

(Affects to faint.)

Did. (Supporting her.) Upon my soul, madam, I would not interfere with your honour on any account. (Aside.) I must make an outrageous speech: there's nothing else will make her easy. (Falls on his knees.) Paragon of premature divinity! what instrument of death, or torture, can equal the dreadful power of your frowns? Pistols, p.stols, pikes,

Enter PEGGY at door, listening.

steel traps, and spring-guns, the thumb-screw or lead-pot, the knoot or cat o' nine tails, are impotent, compared with the words of your indignation! Cease, then, to wound by them a heart whose affection for you nothing can abate—whose—

Peg. (Comes down interrupting him, and showing his letter.) So, sir, this is your fine effusion, and this is the fruit of it.—False, infamous man!

(Retires up.)

Did. (Aside to Miss Durable.) I told you so.—You'd better retire, and I'll contrive to get off.—My dear Miss Plainway— (Crosses to c.)

Peg. Don't dear me, sir—I have done with you.

Did. If you would but hear—

Peg. I'll hear nothing, sir; you can't clear yourself; this duplicity can only arise from the meanest of motives, Mr. Mortimer.

Miss D. Mr. Mortimer! then I am the dupe, after all.

Peg. You're a mean—

Miss D. Base—

Peg. Deceitful—

Miss D. Abominable—

Did. (Aside.) Here's a breeze! This is raising the wind with a vengeance. My dear Miss Plainway, I—My dear Miss Durable (Aside), pray

retire; in five minutes I'll come to you in the garden, and explain all to your satisfaction.

Miss D. And if you don't—

Did. Oh, I will;—now, do go.

Peg. And you too, madam, ar'n't you ashamed—

Miss D. Don't talk to me in that style, miss; it ill becomes me to account for my conduct to you; and I shall therefore leave you with perfect indifference to make your own construction. (To him.) You'll find me in the garden, sir.

[Exit, L.]

Did. (Aside.) Floating in the fish-pond, I hope. (To Peggy.) My dear Peggy, how could you for a moment believe—

Peg. I'll not listen to you—I'll go and expose you to my father immediately.—He'll order the servants to toss you in a blanket, and then to kick you out of doors.

Did. (Holding her.) So, between two stools, poor Jeremy comes to the ground at last.—Now, Peggy, my dear Peggy, I know I shall appease you. (He takes her hand.) That letter—I did write that letter.—But, as a proof that I love you, and only you, and that I will love you as long as I live, I'll run away with you directly.

Peg. Will you, this instant?

Did. I'll hire a postchaise immediately. (Aside.) That is, if I can get credit for one.

Peg. Go, and order it.

Did. I'm off. (Going.) Nothing but disasters! Here's the cockney coming back in a terrible rage, and I shall be discovered.

Peg. How unlucky! Couldn't you get rid of him again?

Did. Keep out of the way, and I'll try.

(She retires at R. D. F.)

Enter FAINWOULD, R.

Fai. So, sir—

Did. How do you do, again, sir?—Hasn't my servant left you three and four-pence yet?—Bless my soul, how stupid!

Fai. Sir, I want to see Mr. Plainway.

Did. Do you, sir? that's unlucky,—he's just gone out—to take a walk in the fields.—Look through that window, and you may see him; there, you see, just under the hedge; now he's getting over a stile. If you like to follow him with me, I'll introduce him to you; but you'd better call again.

Fai. Sir, I see neither a hedge nor a stile, and I don't believe a word you say.

Did. (With affected dignity.) Don't believe a word I say, sir?

Fai. No, sir.

Did. Sir, I desire you'll quit this house.

Fai. I sha'n't sir.

Did. You sha'n't, sir?

Fai. No, sir—my business is with Mr. Plainway. I've a postchaise waiting for me at the door, and therefore have no time to lose.

Did. A postchaise waiting at the door, sir?

Fai. Yes, sir; the servant told me Mr. Fainwould was within, and I'll find him, too, or I'm very much mistaken.

[Exit, L.]

Did. A postchaise waiting at the door! we'll bribe the postboy, and jump into it.

Peg. Charming!

Did. Now, who shall I borrow a guinea of to bribe the postboy?

Enter JOHN, L.

John. Has that gentleman found my master, sir?

Did. Oh, yes, John; I showed him into the drawing-room. (John is gone.) So, John, step this way.—Your name is John, isn't it?

John. Yes, sir.

Did. Well, how d'ye do, John?—Got a snug place here, John?

John. Yes, sir, very snug.

Did. Ay—good wages, good vails, eh?

John. Yes, sir, very fair.

Did. Um—you haven't got such a thing as a guinea about you, have you?

John. No, sir.

Did. Ay—that's all, John, I only asked for information.

[Exit John, R.]

Did. Gad—I said a civil thing or two to the gardener just now. I'll go and try him; and, to prevent all further enquiries, make my escape through the garden gate.

(Going, L.)

Enter MISS DURABLE, L.

Oh Lord! here is old innocence again.

Miss D. Well, sir, I'm all impatience for this explanation. So you've got rid of Miss Peggy.

Did. Yes, I have pacified her, and she's retired to the—drawing-room.—I was just coming to—you haven't got such a thing as a guinea about you, madam, have you? A troublesome post-boy, that drove me this morning, is teasing me for his money. You see, I happened unfortunately to change my small—

Miss D. Oh! these things will happen, sir. (Gives a purse.) There's my purse, sir; take whatever you require.

Did. I'm robbing you, ma'am.

Miss D. Not at all—you know you'll soon return it.

Did. (Aside.) That's rather doubtful. (To her.) I'll be with you again, madam, in a moment.

(Going, L.)

Miss D. What, sir! So, even your postboys are to be attended to before me.

Did. Ma'am.

Miss D. But I see through your conduct, sir. This is a mere expedient to avoid me again.—This is too much.

Did. (Aside.) What the devil shall I do now? Oh! oh dear! oh Lord!

Miss D. What's the matter?

Did. Your cruelty has so agitated me—I faint—a little water—a little water will recover me. (Falls into a chair.) Pray get me a little water.

Miss D. Bless me, he's going into hysterics! Help—help—'ohh, Betty, a little water immediately.

[Exit, R.—Diddler runs off, L.]

Enter FAINWOULD, from L. D. F.

Fai. Nowhere to be found.—So Mr. Diddler's gone now. They've found me out by my letters, and avoid me on purpose. But I'll not stir out of the house till I see Mr. Plainway, I'm determined; so I'll sit myself quietly down. (*Sits down in the chair Diddler has left.*) I'll make the whole family treat me with a little more respect, I warrant.

Enter MISS DURABLE, hastily, R., with a glass of water, which she throws in his face. She screams; he rises in a fury.

Miss D. Here, my love, ah!

Fai. (L.) Damnation, madam! what d'ye mean?

Miss D. (R.) Oh dear, sir! I took you for another gentleman.

Fai. Nonsense, madam! you couldn't mean to serve any gentleman in this way. Where is Mr. Plainway? I'll have satisfaction for this treatment.

Enter PLAINWAY, through R. D.

Pla. (*Comes down, c.*) Hey day! Hey day, cousin; why, who is this gentleman, and what is all this noise about?

Miss D. (R.) I'm sure, cousin, I don't know who the gentleman is. All that I can explain is, that Mr. Fainwould was taken ill in that chair; that I went to get some water to recover him; and the moment after, when I came back, I found his place occupied by that gentleman.

Fai. (L.) Madam, this is no longer a time for bantering. You found Mr. Fainwould's place occupied by me, who am Mr. Fainwould; and you found him suffering no illness at all, though you wanted to give him one.

Pla. & You Mr. Fainwould!

Fai. Yes, sir; and you've found out by this time, I suppose, that I'm perfectly acquainted with all your kind intentions towards me—that I know of your new son-in-law, Sir Robert Rental—that I am informed I am to make merriment for you—and that if I'm refractory, your nephew, Mr. Diddler, is to pull my nose.

Pla. Sir Robert Rental, and my nephew Mr. Diddler! Why, Laury, this is some madman broke loose. My dear sir, I hav'n't a nephew in the world, and never heard of such people as Sir Robert Rental or Mr. Diddler, in the whole course of my life.

Fai. This is amazing!

Pla. It is, upon my soul! You say your name is Fainwould.

Fai. Certainly!

Pla. Then nothing but the appearance of the other Mr. Fainwould can solve the riddle.

Fai. The other Mr. Fainwould?

Pla. Yes, sir; there is another gentleman so calling himself now in this house; and he was bearer of a letter of introduction from—

Fai. My letter of introduction.—The rascal picked my pocket of it, in this very house, this morning,—I see through it all! I dare say your house is robb'd by this time.

Pla. A villain! Why, where is he, cousin? Here, John—where are all the servants?

(Rings a bell)

Enter JOHN.

Pla. Where is Mr. Fainwould?

John. What, the other, sir?

Pla. The other, sir? Then you knew this gentleman's name was Fainwould; and you never told me he was here this morning.

John. Yes, sir, I did; I sent you to him.

Pla. You sent me to the other fellow.

John. No, sir, I did not let in the other.

Pla. I suppose he got in at the window, then.—But where is he now?

John. I'm sure I don't know, sir; but I thought that gentleman was gone.

Fai. Why did you think so, sir?

John. Because, sir, the chaise is gone that you came in.

Pla. What!

Fai. Gone!

John. Yes, sir.

Pla. Why, then, the rascal's run off in it—and Peg—where is she? where is my daughter?

Miss D. Gone with him, cousin.

John. Here they are, sir.

[Exit, R.]

Enter DIDDLER, PEGGY, and SAM.—Diddler dancing and singing, R.

Pla. Sing away, my brave fellow,—I'll soon change your note.

Did. Thank'ye, sir; but it's chang'd already. Sam, pay my debts to that young man, three-and-fourpence (*Pointing to Fainwould*), and give him credit for a breakfast on my account!—Ah! my dear old innocence. (*To Miss Durable.*) There's your purse again! When I'm at leisure, you shall have your explanation.

Miss D. Oh! false Adonis!

Pla. And now, sir, what have you to answer to—

Did. I plead guilty to it all. Idle habits, empty pockets, and the wrath of an offended uncle, made the shabby dog you see before you.—But my angry uncle has, on his death-bed, relented. This fine fat-headed fellow arrested our flight through the town, to put into my hand this letter, announcing the handsome bequest of ten thousand pounds, and enclosing me a hundred pound note as earnest of his sincerity.

Pla. Um! I imagine you are the Mr. Mortimer she sometimes sighs about.

Did. The same, sir. At Bath, under that name, and under somewhat better appearances, I had the honour to captivate her.—Hadn't I, Peggy?

Peg. And isn't Mortimer your name?

Did. No, my dear, my legitimate appellation is Mr. Diddler.

Peg. What! am I to have a lover of the name of Diddler?

Sam. (R.) I'm sure Mrs. Diddler is a very pretty name.

Did. Don't be rude, Sam.

Pla. Well, sir, your promises are fair, there's no denying; but whether it would be fair to attend to them, depends entirely upon that gentleman.

(To Fainwould)

Fai. (L.) As to me, Mr. Plainway, if your daughter has taken a fancy for another, I can't help it. Only let her refuse me respectfully, and I am satisfied.

Did. (c.) You are a very sensible fellow, and we have all a very high respect for you.

Fai. I'm satisfied.

Did. But I shall not be satisfied without the

hope that all such poor idle rogues as I have been, may learn, by my disgraceful example—
Howe'er to vice or indolence inclin'd,
By honest industry to RAISE THE WIND.

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PLA. PEGGY. DID. MISS DU ABLE.

SAM.

FAI

R.

L.

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